

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, March 22, 1891, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Atlantic City, N. J. Sunday, Mar. 22. 1891. My darling Alec:

What a beautifully exciting time you are all having. How I wish I could be with you to share your interest. I am half jealous of Miss True and Mr. McCurdy that they can talk and consult and help you in this eventful time. Not really for they are both so awfully good in keeping me au courant with all that goes on, that I can almost see everything. Isn't Miss True a second Boswell (not Bothwell this time) come to life? I am sure however she is a much more entertaining one.

But it worries me awfully to hear of your sitting up all night. When can you take a little rest? I am beginning to realize the wisdom of keeping Elsie away from home and people and how delicate she still is. Yesterday coming down to tea I saw some flowers on the table and sent her upstairs for my purse, she asked if she might wear the white roses in her pretty blue dress to supper, and seeing no harm I consented, she was gone such a long time for my purse that Miss Kiman and I were disturbed and Miss Kiman went after her. I was just about starting too after waiting a while when the truant appeared looking rather flushed. She only said that she had been looking for her pin that Daisy gave her to fasten her flowers with and could not find it. She was rather red and very quiet through supper, and afterwards and reading Don Quixote until bedtime. Afterwards Miss Kiman told me that she had found her very much excited and very nervous because she could not find the pin. She was nearly upset and Miss Kiman had to hold her hands and sooth her 2 before she could come down and all because she could not find the pin, although she knew it was not lost. Fortunately she went to sleep all right, but she has her turn now at my trouble of the other day, I think it must be the water. Fortunately she is not at all disturbed by it and is

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now busily engaged in writing her story on the typewriter. She is doing it most remarkably well I think, her only mistakes seem to be in the spacing which is generally too far apart. I think she is doing better than Mr. McCurdy did at the same stage of advancement. I am so glad you saw some of Cleopatra and only wish you could have staid through the play, I am very sorry to have missed it, still after all I enjoy being here with my little girl, even if it has done little but rain and blow since the first day. I am all right again now, but still do not feel very strong not having been out except to drive yesterday. This really is the most unsupportably dull seaside place I ever saw or heard of, nothing to do but lounge on the piazzas, walk on the plank walk, bathe, drive up one stupid long street to the lighthouse and down a stupider to the electric railway and back. Even Cape May is better for there you can drive into the country and along the beach, here you can't.

Thank you for sending me Miss Fuller's Report. I had no idea the school house was such a gorgeous one. I am proud of Boston and dear old Massachusetts that they are willing to build such buildings. I think Papa's was the best address there. I don't think I was the little girl who said she loved flowers, I certainly never was Miss Fuller's "pupil, but it sounds very fine. "The accomplished companion" etc., etc. How do people know I am accomplished.

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I have got over so much more that I would like to say, but my time is short and my new Boswell must have a word of thanks. Elsie is the nicest baby in wanting to be with me and have me talk to her all the time. She is interested in everything and anything so it is not hard work, but I could not do anything else all this morning while Miss Kiman was at church. Did I tell you she read your "Marriage" through and she is about as interested in your conflict (to call it by a fine name) with Gallaudet as I am, and is glad too that it is not yet coffee (for one) and pistols for two as Miss True says. She is up to Don Quixote, more so than I, which amazes me, she laughed over it all yesterday. I wish I knew where the other volumes are, Sarah should know she unpacked my things.

I wonder how the Literary went off, I am quite satisfied to have escaped it.

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Goodbye my dear, I am as ever yours, Tell Miss True I am writing her, but fear I can't catch the mail.